

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And findes them perfect *Richard*: firra speake,  
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

*Philip.* Because he hath a half-face like my father:  
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,  
A halfe-fac'd goat, fūe hundred pound a yester.

*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,  
Your brother did imploy my father much.

*Phil.* Well fir, by this you cannot get my land,  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie

To Germany, there with the Emperor  
To treat of high affaires touching that time:

Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,  
And in the meane time solourn'd at my fathers;

Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:  
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores

Betweene my father, and my mother lay,  
As I haue heard my father speake himsele

When this same lusty gentleman was got:  
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death  
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:

Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,  
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

*K. John.* Sitra, your brother is Legittimate,  
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if she did play false, the fault was hers,  
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother  
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,  
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:  
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father  
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,  
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

*Rob.* Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,  
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossesse me fir,  
Then was his will to get me, as I thinke.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,  
Lord of thy preface, and no land beside.

*Bast.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape  
And I had his, fir *Roberts* his like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,  
My armes, such cole-skis stuf, my face so thin,

That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rofe,  
Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heyre to all this land,  
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giueit euery foot to haue this face:  
It would not be fir nobbe in any case.

*Elinor.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chances  
Your face hath got fūe hundred pound a yester.

Yet sell your face for fūe pence and 'ris decre:  
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

*Elinor.* Nay, I would haue you go before me chither.

*Bast.* Our Country manners giue our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip my Liege, so is my name begun,  
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

*K. John.* From henceforth beare his name  
Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,  
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

*Bast.* Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,  
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now blessed be the houre by night or day  
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:  
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

*Bast.* Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho:  
Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ore the hatch:  
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:  
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

*K. John.* Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,  
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed  
For France, for France, for it is more then need.

*Bast.* Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,  
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

*Exeunt all but Bastard.*

*Bast.* A foot of Honor better then I was,  
But many a many foot of Land the worse,

Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,  
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*,  
For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable  
For your conuersion, now your traueler,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my workshops messe,  
And when my knightly stomacke is fustid,

Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize  
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,  
I shall beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an *Abley* booke:  
O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice fir:  
No fir, saies question, I sweet fir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,  
Saung in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,  
The Perennian and the riuer *Poe*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so,  
But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;  
For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smoake of obseruation,  
And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,  
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to deceiue,  
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:  
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.*

*Lewis.* Before Angiers well met braue Austria,  
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,

*Richard* that rob'd the Lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine,

By this braue Duke came early to his grave:  
And for amends to his posteritie,

At our importance hether is he come,  
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,

And to rebuke the vsurpation  
Of thy vnnatural Vncle, English *John*;

Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

*Arth.* God shall forgie you *Cordelions* death  
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,

Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:  
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,

But with a heart full of vnstained loue,  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

*Lewis.* A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

*Anst.* Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,  
As seale to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Islanders,  
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,

That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure  
And confident from forreine purposes,

Euen till that vtmost corner of the West  
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

*Const.* O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,

To make a more requital to your loue.

*Anst.* The peace of heauen is theirs: lift their swords  
In such a iust and charitable warre.

*King.* Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent  
Against the browes of this resisting towne,

Call for our cheefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best aduantages:

Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in French-mens blood,

But we will make it subiect to this boy.

*Con.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,  
Left vnaduis'd you staine your swords with blood,

My Lord *Chattilion* may from England bring  
That right in peace which heere we vse in warre,

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indreely shedde.

*Enter Chattilion.*

*King.* A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wist  
Our Messenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,

What England saies, say breefly gentle Lord,  
We coldly pause for thee, *Chattilion* speake,

*Chat.* Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:

England impatient of your iust demands,  
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes

Whose